

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

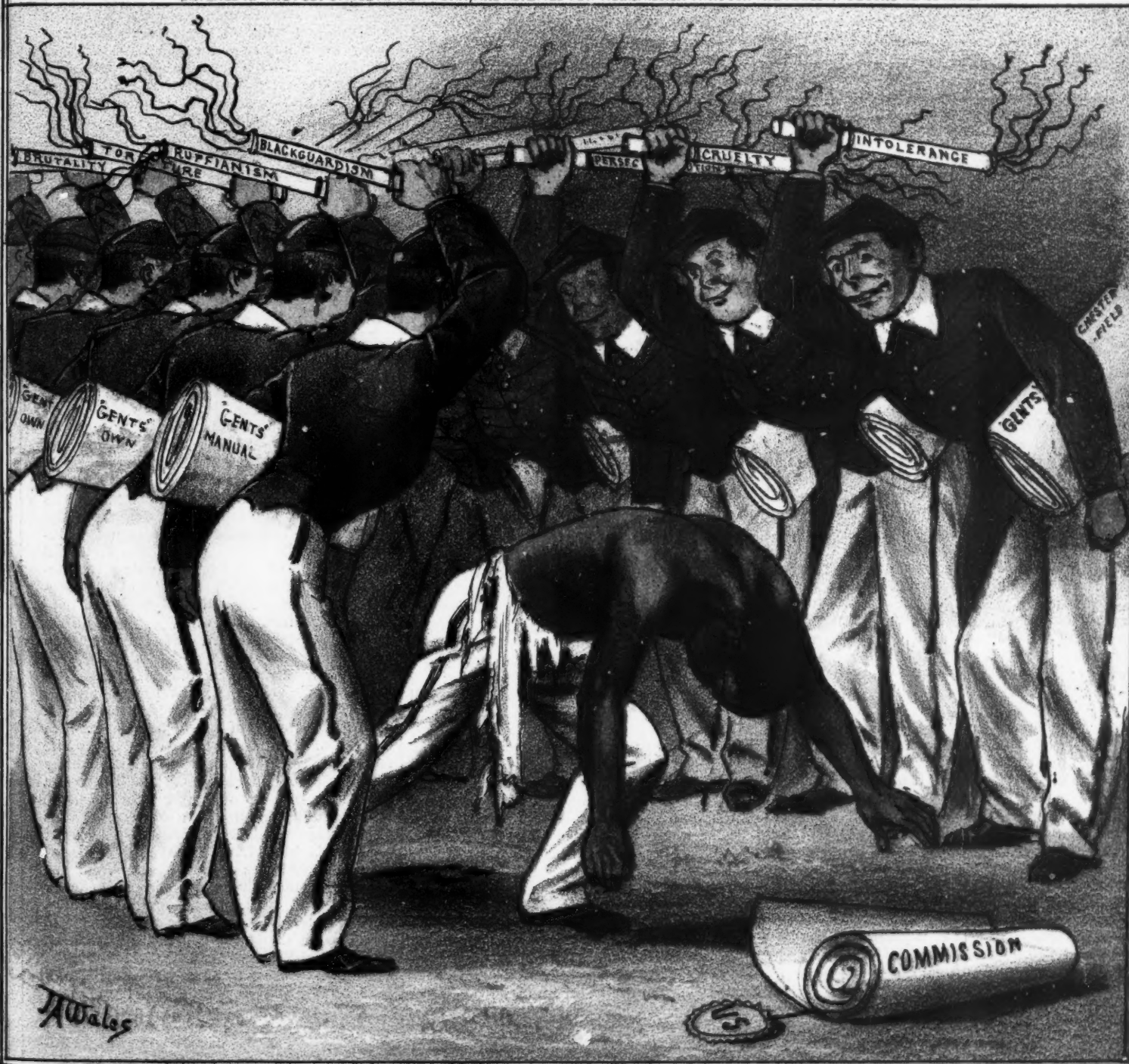
# Suck

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## THE FIFTH EDITION

OF

## PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1880

is now on sale, and will positively be the last issue of this  
 publication, as PUCK will soon bring out

A NEW BOOK  
 for Summer Reading.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE few trees that Mr. Wenman has left in  
 our parks are beginning to cover them-  
 selves with a hazy veil of green, and the  
 neglected grass is making a brave show of spring-  
 tide brightness, though indeed, between its  
 ragged tufts and its worn patches, it has very  
 little to be bright about. But the all-pervading  
 influence of the Spring cannot be evaded or de-  
 fied, and the poor old world has its choice be-  
 tween being bilious and being poetical. Our  
 sad anticipations of last week have been realized.  
 The atmosphere is fairly choking with the sub-  
 tle effluence of poetry in the raw. The Hon-  
 orable Mr. Fitznoodle, even, has the sweet fever in  
 his pulses, and, as he passes the prosaic stations  
 of his wedding-trip, he looks at all things with  
 an optimistic benevolence which throws a rosy  
 halo about Philadelphia and Washington and  
 makes "othah fellows" envy him his possession  
 of the lovely Miss Marguerite. And, by the  
 way, we have received from Mr. V. Hugo  
 Dusenbury, who is now, we suppose, in training  
 for his six-days poetical contest, an Epithala-  
 mium, addressed to Mr. Fitznoodle and his  
 fair bride. We shall print it next week.

It makes very little difference whether the  
 white cadets of West Point were actually guilty  
 of the outrage on the poor negro, Whittaker,  
 or whether they were not. If they did not  
 themselves enter his room and subject him to  
 indignities suggested by the manner of marking  
 "pigs down South," or if they did not commis-  
 sion others to do it for them, at least the fact  
 is conclusively proved that they were entirely  
 capable of it. Like their predecessors, who  
 worried poor Smith till, in his desperation, he  
 disgraced himself, the whole kit and boiling of  
 these U. S. charity scholars has tortured this

solitary, friendless boy by every device of ingen-  
 ious meanness which they have been able to  
 think of—and they appear to have a fine capa-  
 city for the task. Why, even in Yale College,  
 where they grow a particularly barbarous style  
 of collegiate cub, young Whittaker would have  
 fared better. Of course, they would have made  
 him the victim of a few brutal tricks at first;  
 but when they found him a manly and well-  
 meaning fellow, they would have put a period  
 to the ordeal. They would not, perhaps, have  
 taken him to their breasts; but they would not  
 have refused to touch his hand because his fa-  
 ther was a slave whom their fathers freed.

It is of the stuff of these white cadets that  
 we expect to make gentlemen and officers of  
 the United States Army. There is a half-de-  
 veloped Reno in every one of them. It will  
 not take long to bring out the full fruit of the  
 blossoms of cruelty and cowardice that West  
 Point nurtures. Look at the tuppenny-hapenny  
 officers who are getting a little advertising out  
 of this "Investigation". Here is Sears, for in-  
 stance, who can find no vent for his plethora  
 of judicial importance save by insulting Mr.  
 Martin I. Townsend, his senior, his superior,  
 and the delegate of the Secretary of War. Of  
 course this is only the unimportant caddishness  
 of a little mock-military prig—but, good Hea-  
 vens! what a lot of men would these be to  
 wield authority over some sacked and helpless  
 city, in a time of war!

And yet, on reflection, we ought not to be  
 surprised at any vulgarity, ruffianism, or coarse-  
 ness in our naval or military officers. A naval  
 or military officer here is not, as in most civil-  
 ized countries, synonymous with a gentleman,  
 even if he be General or Admiral, Colonel or  
 Lieutenant-Commander. And this state of  
 things will continue so long as Annapolis and  
 West Point are filled with the protégés of Con-  
 gressmen and political hacks. Our politicians  
 are, as a rule, venal, coarse-grained men, and  
 the boys who through their influence are sent  
 to these institutions are the natural outcome of  
 the manners and proclivities of their patrons.  
 Some of these brass-buttoned youngsters may  
 acquire a certain amount of polish, but it is a  
 pretty safe thing never to assume that a United  
 States Army or Navy officer is a gentleman  
 until he has proved himself so to be.

The would-be third-termist, General Grant,  
 is a case in point. No one ever accused him  
 of being a Chesterfield, and we question if  
 foreign travel and rubbing shoulders with  
 crowned heads have done much towards soft-  
 ening his texture. But still General Grant is  
 going to be President if he can. He has been  
 set up as a golden third-term calf by those  
 Republicans who profess to love a strong gov-  
 ernment. And what a sweet lot they are: the  
 Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the mournful  
 George Washington Childs, A.M., the upright  
 Robeson, the great Cameron, and the greater  
 Conkling; supported, too, by some of the poli-  
 tical lights of Massachusetts, such as Messrs.  
 Boutwell and Dawes. What wonder, then, that  
 Moses PUCK is horrified when, in his character  
 of lawgiver, he comes upon this crowd of wor-  
 shippers at the shrine of a false god, in defiance  
 of unwritten law and political morality.

The conventions are thick upon us. Syra-  
 cuse yesterday—Podunk to-morrow—politi-  
 cians scheming here, there and everywhere,  
 while the People meekly wonder whether they  
 are to have a knave or a fool for their next  
 President. Meanwhile, the electioneering curse  
 is settling down upon the country, and from  
 now till November's crisis is over, we shall hear  
 only of Mr. Tilden's physical condition, and

General Grant's intentions, and Senator Ed-  
 munds's capacities as a dark horse, and Davis's  
 boom, and Sherman's boom, and Smith's boom,  
 and Jones's boom, and all the other booms and  
 alleged booms and boomlets, till the whole  
 business will get to be as persistent and undodge-  
 able a curse as "Pinafore," and far less melo-  
 dious. It will pervade our homes, our business-  
 offices, our shops; it will walk with us in the  
 streets, and nudge our elbow as we drink our  
 claret or our cold tea. Lovers will bet on their  
 respective candidates by the side of moonlit  
 streams; bride and bridegroom will part for-  
 ever on the third-term question; old Darbies  
 and Joans will sulk away the precious moments  
 of their age because of individual preferences  
 for different booms. Through the tender  
 Springtime, the gracious Summer and the  
 bracing Fall it will be with us like a pestilence,  
 infectious and unconquerable—so much will  
 we put ourselves out to please a pack of vile  
 politicians, who do our work for us, pocket the  
 money, and insist on our doing the talking for  
 ourselves.

Liverpool is at last a City. It never was be-  
 fore. For some strange technical reason, it  
 had not that nominal honor; though it cer-  
 tainly was a city in point of size, wealth and  
 population. Now it has a Bishop, or a Beadle,  
 or some one of those marvelous functionaries  
 whom the British subject delighteth to honor  
 —hence it is technically a City. We do not  
 know what influence this change will have upon  
 the civilization of the nineteenth century; but  
 it will surely have one good effect—it will shut  
 up that bore of bores, the knowing Englishman,  
 who used to lure the stranger into speaking of  
 Liverpool as one of the great cities of Great  
 Britain, so as to crush him with a supercilious  
 smile and the patronizing correction: "Liver-  
 pool isn't a city, y' know—it's a *town*!"

Madison Square Garden, having recovered  
 from its walking-match, is now transformed  
 into a Fair. It is for the benefit of the Hahne-  
 mann Hospital, which institution, as the name  
 implies, is on a homeopathic basis. We trust  
 that the small-dose establishment may profit  
 largely by the sales of merchandise in the  
 Garden, although we rather think it is "crowd-  
 ing the mourners" for homeopathy to appeal  
 to the public so soon after the gallant Seventh's  
 mammoth arrangement in its new armory. The  
 homeopathic ladi-enthusiasts must not, there-  
 fore, be surprised if the fair is not so successful  
 as they would wish. Everybody does not be-  
 lieve in Homeopathy "as such," and many sen-  
 sible people don't see why they should con-  
 tribute to an institution which professes to kill  
 or cure for people in a new-fangled and often  
 unsatisfactory manner. A strictly Homeo-  
 pathic Fair ought to be conducted on strictly  
 homeopathic principles, and presumably this  
 one is. There is lemonade served by a Rebecca  
 at the Well made of the eighteen-hundredth  
 dilution of lemon juice to give it the requisite  
 tone and flavor. There are raffles for penny  
 whistles, a million chances at a millionth of a  
 cent a chance. At one table is Miss Mamie  
 Smith and ladifrend who will sell ounce vials  
 of superior nux vomica to genlemnfrends. At  
 another is Miss Lulu Brown and ladifrend  
 whose bright eyes extract lucre from the  
 pockets of susceptible youths in exchange for  
 a fancy flask of the best tincture of arnica.  
 Mrs. Matthew Kickyoubacker O'Flaherty will  
 preside at a dépôt for the sale of symptoms,  
 and a special Homeopathic Medicine Man  
 will be always on hand to give advice and  
 doses to patients, the fees to go to the funds of  
 the Fair. A Hydropathic, a Phlebotomistic, and  
 a Chiropodistic Ladies' Bazaar are announced  
 to follow.

## TILDEN'S PHYSICAL CONDITION.

HERCULES vs. THE LIVING SKELETON.

TWO INTERVIEWS WITH THE GREAT MAN.

Democratic Coloring—Republican Tone.

HOW IS IT—WILL HE LIVE OR DIE?

All for 10 Cents.

**M**R. TILDEN having avowed himself a candidate for re-election to the Presidency, it is but natural that we should take a deep interest in the matter, as Mr. Tilden is one of the most useful of Puck's friends.

All of our best reporters having been assigned for duty at the Homœopathic Fair at Madison Square Garden, we availed ourselves of the kind offers of our Very Esteemed Contemporaries, the New York Sun and New York Times, to lend us two of their most reliable reporters to visit Mr. Tilden and set at rest the contradictory rumors which have of late been flying about with regard to the health of the venerable Sage of Gramercy Park.

The Sun man called at the Tilden mansion and discovered the proprietor in the act of training for a walking-match by rolling barrels of money round his library.

"I must get down some of my fat, or I shall never be able to go through the approaching campaign with comfort," said Mr. Tilden.

"How much do you weigh, sir?" asked the Sun man.

"I turned the scale yesterday at two hundred and forty-nine pounds six ounces," answered the Democratic candidate. "The truth is, my condition is too good. I exercise with fifty-pound dumb-bells daily. See here!" And Mr. Tilden coolly tossed an enormous weight fifty feet in the air and dexterously caught it on his little finger.

"Wonderful!" remarked the reporter. "But is your appetite good?"

"Appetite—appetite? I should rather think it was, indeed. Why I can eat a double extra porterhouse-steak as if it were the usufruct of a wrecked railroad. My usual luncheon is five pounds of boned turkey, washed down with a couple of kegs of lager."

"Do you like pie?" queried the reporter.

"Pie—pie? Had it not been considered *infra dig.* for a presidential candidate I should have backed myself as champion pie-eater of the universe. I can eat comfortably twenty pounds of pie in an hour."

"What about the walking-match for which you are entered?"

"Well," said Mr. Tilden, "I didn't wish to show my hand just yet. I thought it might injure my chances for the Presidency. But I don't mind letting Puck into the secret. The fact is, I'm going to challenge Hart, the winner of the O'Leary belt, and give him a hundred miles start."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the Sun man in astonishment.

"Mum's the word—and I may as well tell you that I ride horseback daily, although it is very difficult to find an animal that is properly up to my weight."

"It is said, Mr. Tilden, that you entirely eschew theatrical amusements."

"Dear me, how could such a ridiculous report have got about. Why, I not only go to the theatre every night, but I have a strong idea of taking Niblo's Garden for the summer season and running spectacular drama and ballet regularly. Oh, yes; I authorize you to say that I am in the best of health."

Thanking Mr. Tilden for his courtesy the borrowed Sun reporter withdrew.

In the afternoon the Times man waited on Mr. Tilden, and handed us the following report as the result of his interview.

Mr. Tilden was too weak and sick to see anybody, and it was only on my representing that Puck would feel much disappointed if I could not talk to him, personally, that he consented to allow me to be admitted to his room. I was perfectly horrified and shocked by his appearance. The former hardy, wiry, healthy-looking man was now a poor, helpless bag of bones. He can only take the mildest kind of milk from a bottle, and he has to be dandled and carried about and as carefully handled as a babe of a month old. "It is really too ridiculous," gasped Mr. Tilden in a tremulous voice, "to suppose that I am in a fit condition to undergo the ordeal of a campaign—the thought is too terrible," and the great politician fell back thoroughly exhausted after his effort to speak.

I feared to address him again, but his nephew informed me that his uncle had not said so much for a week.

The alarming condition of Mr. Tilden was well verified on my leaving the house, by my nearly falling over a boy from a drug store, cruelly over-loaded with medicine for "the Great Disconcerted."

## A NATURAL SOLICITUDE.



MISS BIDDY MCGINNIS, reading the last of the Herald Famine Subscription Reports:—"Faix, it's hoping I am some of me own folks is amongst thim disthrest!"

## RHYMES OF THE DAY.

## THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

Ten little candidates standing in a line;  
Evarts didn't boom and so there were nine.  
Nine little candidates—one a heavy weight;  
Davis smashed his fence; then there were eight.  
Eight little candidates for political heaven;  
Kelly killed Sammy and there were seven.  
Seven little candidates playing all their tricks;  
Seymour declined and then there were six.  
Six little candidates all kicking and alive;  
Blaine was Mulliganed and then there were five.  
Five little candidates for whom people jaw;  
Grant was scratched and then there were four.  
Four little candidates running merrily;  
Hendricks flushed out and then there were three.  
Three little candidates, good men and true;  
Sherman didn't draw and then there were two.  
Two little candidates trying hard to run;  
Bayard was too goody and then there was one.  
One little candidate was left in the game,  
But not a living soul can tell the fellow's name.

A. L.

## TO A PUBLIC CHARACTER.

Spinning egregious stuff the Spouter stands,  
With head uplifted, and with dancing hands:  
The Common Fame of worthy ministry—  
Darwin's Last Link is but a type of thee!

BEGUM.

## Puckings.

ORIGINAL HOME RULER—The Shillelah.

GENUS IRRITABLE — Republican Young Scratchers.

VÆ VICTIS.—Parnell threatens to go over to the Tory party!

AS A FIREBRAND Parnell succeeds best in effigy among the Irish.

TILDEN ORGAN (*of the Barrel Variety*)—The Louisville Courier-Journal.

INGALLS is said to be thinnest as well as bitterest Member of Congress.

WE THINK it must have been Mr. Tilden who cut Cadet Whittaker's ears.

THE CZAR is reported "on the decline"—as regards Nihilist invitations, probably.

M. P. after Editor Labouchère's name might, with some *Truth*, stand for Malicious Publisher.

DID LUCIAN refer to Presidential candidates when he wrote of "men like statues of Parian, stuffed with rags?"

IMPORTANT TO MR. EARL BEACONSFIELD—David Davis contemplates withdrawing his boom, and there is room for another Presidential candidate.

IT BEGINS to look as though Cadet Whittaker did not decorate himself. But that does not lessen his natural, hereditary and unpardonable culpability in being a nigger.

CONCERNING the much-talked-about "Theatres of Paris," our E. C. the Chicago Tribune has come forward to remark that it is similar to M. Sardou's book on the Comédie Française; which we regard as an unworthy and hopeless attempt to make the public believe that Chicago has lately been honored by the presence of some traveler able to read French.

OUR E. C. the Times pictures Mr. Tilden as a kind of Tithonus, chirpy, but outrageously aged. Our E. C. the Sun sketches him in the character of the Infant Hercules. And the old gentleman up in Gramercy Park surveys the situation and chuckles; and nobody knows whether it is the sardonic laugh of preternatural rascality, or the mechanical gurgle of senile idiocy.

ALREADY HATH the Sun's premature warmth caused to effloresce the ingenious youth, who, delusively imagining himself a "masher" and a "toff," swathes his neck in the long-ended and (suppositiously) white cambric. Not seldom, too, does he add those harmonious concomitants in a Prince Albert coat and a low hat. What shall be done unto him? Shall he be driven into the ground with a mallet, or hewed, like Agag, in pieces?

THIS WHITTAKER affair throws light upon many mysteries hitherto inexplicable. It is perfectly clear now, to all reasoning men, that the late-analyzed Mary Stannard swallowed a pound or two of arsenic, and then cut her own throat; and that Mrs. Billings, of Saratoga, cunningly contrived to get herself shot through a shutter—simply to throw suspicion on her husband. Wonderful, isn't it, that no one ever hit on this easy way of explaining away murder and sudden death before this?



## A NAMELESS ODE.



T was an ancient mariner,  
His voice was soft and mellow,  
Who thus addressed the captain  
Of the good ship H. Longfellow:

I Addison like you, sir, once,  
Whose cheeks from sun were Browning,  
But, sir, alas! I apprehend  
He met his fate by drowning.

Byron-ing streams he played in youth,  
The sight—Howitt cheered my heart.  
Don't mind me, sir, if I am weak,  
But the tears will outward start.

He was first mate, Hume may believe,  
Although but ten and seven;  
I ask but one sustaining boon,  
This, that his Holmes in heaven.

I've often tried, but Dryden vain,  
Some clue of him to gather;  
To weep copious tears o'er his lifeless corpse  
Than such suspense I'd rather.

Alas! I haven't Tennyson  
To soothe my days declining;  
But I suppose it's Scott to be,  
So it's useless, sir, repining.

Gladly would I've Sheridan-y fate\*  
Of his, my first-born beauty;  
I don't believe, sir, on my life,  
One Whittier-ed from duty.

Beg pardon, sir, if I intrude,  
I see you've shipped the hawser,†  
But may I take the liberty  
To ask you for a Chaucer?

H. H. PRATT.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No. CXXII.  
ON HIS WEDDING  
TOUR.

Ya-as, I feel in  
particularly jovial  
spirits. I suppose  
the reason is be-  
cause I am mar-  
ried. Aw mar-  
ried life, so fah, is  
not weally so intol-  
erable as I used

to dweam it was. It is aw quite jolly, and I don't think I shall evah make any disagweeable remarks about it and attractive young women in the fuchah. I begin aw to think that fellows get in the way of discussing female cweachahs and marriage fwom a wegulation misanthropic standpoint, and think it is the corwect thing to wun them down on al' occasions. Young fellows do it because they labah undah the delusion that it betways ignorwance and want of knowledge of the world generwally to pwetend to be satisfied with anything that it pwoduces in the way of fellow-cweachahs.

Aw I must say that my opinions on these points have undergone a wadical change. I did not expect to do anything verwy orwiginal in the way of wedding twips. It appe-ahs there is only a wegulation course to pursue.

It is to go to a place called Philadelphia, afterwards to Washington—perwhaps elsewhere—and then to weturn to New York. It is twue some fellows go to Niagarwa, a wegion where a

\* The author is out, and it is uncertain when he may be found at home.

† Licensed. No. 4033. Poet's.

considerwable body of watah wushes down a pwecipice with gweat wapidty; but we pwe-ferwed going to this aw Philadelphia. I weally think the place is to be found on the map.

We had a suite of apartments at the aw Continental Hotel, and everwything about the establishment was exceedingly satisfactorwy. Aw I think I must be getting used to Amerwican cookerwy; faw we found the aw fare verwy palatable, the servants gwacious and wespectful in their demeanor. Quite aw we remarkable the impwovement that has taken place since my last appearwance in this town of Philadel-phia.

If I wecollect wightly, there were many feachahs of the place which were somewhat of- fensive to me durwing my first visit, and I we- marked therewon at the time. I cahn't wemem- bah pwecisely the nachah of my weflections and descripton at the perwiod; but pwobably some of them were witten fwom a slightly pwe- judiced point of view.

Aw I am fwee to confess that I weally find Philadelphia, at the pwesent, a aw we markably jolly place. The sweets are quite bwoad and beautiful; the buildings are, 'pon my sowl, ex- ceedingly imposing and gwand in conception, and the people appe-ah to be aw well-bwed—in fact, almost superwiah to New Yorkahs.

Indeed, the same we marks apply to Washing- ton.

This is a city where the Amerwican Par- liament, aw Congwess meets.

There have been evidently vast impwome- ments he-ah durwing the last ye-ah or so. Some of the public buildings are aw superb—I think, little inferwiah to some of the most celebated in Gweat Bwitain and Eurwope. He-ah, too, are quite pwetty suburbs, affording opportuni- ties faw most delightful dwives. The people, too, appe-ah, in a majorwity of cases, to be we- fined; the negwo population is not obtwusive; and some of the Membahs of Congwess and pwofessional politicians compare almost maw than favorwably with some of our parliament- arwy fellows at home, ye know. My Wife has, of course, been to Washington befaw, and knows a numbah of people. I dessay the so- ciety he-ah is verwy desirwable.

Aw and what waises Washington fah above othah places in Amerwica is that the Chief Amerwican Pwesident and his family weside he-ah, all the ye-ah wound, in an extensive mansion—a sort of official palace, ye know.

Aitah wall, it wequires a wesidence faw some time in a countwy to undahstand it pwopahly aw.

## SIMPLE SIMON PHILLIPART.

In Utopia there are many Philliparts, no doubt; in France there is (or rather was, for the place that once knew him now knows him no more) only one. Simon's career is remarkable only as viewed from a European standpoint. We doubt if he would rank A 1 in this country. There are probably those among us who can "see" Simon and "go several better" in the complex operations of Wall street. Our own operators of a similar kidney are, however, seldom spoken of in the undignified and heart- less language employed in the Paris press à propos l'incident Phillipart. Whoever heard a street operator in New York called a blackguard and a thief? Note the Methodistic Daniel Drew, the sportive James Fisk, jr., the sedate Vanderbilt, the genial Jay Gould! But Simon the Simple need not despair. Let him come over here, and the Wall Street coterie may make a man of him yet. He needs develop- ment, does Phillipart—transplantation, as it were, to a more congenial soil. New York is his *habitat*. It awaits him. Come, Simon, ethereal promoter of schemes bewildering, come.

## SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

## ROMEO AND JULIET—ACT I.

THE servant who invited Romeo calculated on something like a modern, fashionable jam- boree. "Come and crush," said he.—[Sc. 2.

HER Ma suspected Juliet—of joining Sorosis, perhaps—and says to Nurse: "My daughter's off;" and bitterly adds: "A pretty age!" The nurse offers to explain with: "I can tell her rage."—[Sc. 3.

THE nurse was willing to bet her teeth on Juliet. The only personal property, she might have added, for which Ivory guard.—[Sc. 3.

THE nurse commends the bravery of Paris and pronounces him: "A man of whacks."— [Sc. 3.

WHEN preparing their masks for the Capulet ball Mercutio takes a fancy for Romeo's ap- pearing in the character of a war horse and tells him to "neigh, gentle Romeo." Romeo makes an oat of it.—[Sc. 4.

LOVE is Two rough, Two rude, Two boister- ous, says Romeo. A Six-subject for a love-sick man.—[Sc. 4.

MERCUTIO calls himself a "curious I."— [Sc. 4.

ROMEO asks what to do about his lady-love, while he is masking. Mercutio laconically sug- gests: "Add visor."—

THE old style of dancing was loud, promis- cuous and preventive. The senseless rushes on the floor are mentioned.—[Sc. 4.

NOT only did Romeo waste his heart on love, but Mercutio, not altogether guiltless of inci- dental hyperbole, adds: "We waste our lights!" —Sc. 4.

IN the dream, courtiers, lawyers and ladies all held straights.—[Sc. 4.

MERCUTIO informs us that a soldier has "drums in his ears." So have we, all of us, and the drum sticks there, too.—[Sc. 4.

AFTER carefully investigating the history of Queen Mab, the reluctant conclusion arrived at is, that portions of it are not beyond a sus- picion of fiction.—[Sc. 4.

CAPULET indulges his scorn toward any lady's corn, and commends those who are free from them as, he says, "My mistress is."—[Sc. 5.

THE feast was so grand that not only do the tables groan but, "the room's grown, too," observes the host.—[Sc. 5.

As a genteel but hearty invitation to the table, mine host bids his guests: "come swell!"

JOHN ALBRO.



# The Great Congressional Oleomargarine Investigation.



Several Members of Congress were much Scandalized at the Audacity of the Oleomargarine Manufacturers.



So They Wrote Speeches Against It—



And Delivered them in Congress, Each in his own Peculiar Style.



Then they were Appointed a Committee to Investigate the Merits of Oleomargarine. They were Received with Great Politeness by the Manufacturers, and Invited to Partake of a Light Repast.



Result of the Investigation—"Oleo-marsh-rinesh Mush Better'n Butter!"

## PRISCILLA'S MASH.

**N**OTHING is better settled than that people of a religious turn of mind should not allow their affections to centre upon persons who are of the world worldly. More especially is it true that no young woman who finds delight in attending church-meetings, Sabbath-schools and Dorcas Society assemblies, should select as a lover a young man to whom such things are an affliction and a bore.

Priscilla Brown was one of the prettiest girls in Plaintown. Her mother kept a boarding-house, and Priscilla helped her in that soul-inspiring occupation. All her spare time, however, Priscilla devoted to the church and the Sabbath-school and the sewing-society. In fact, all the happiness of her life consisted in attending at the performances given in those places. She was as good as she was beautiful.

One year McBrien's Megatherian Amphitheatre and Mastodon Moral Show, commonly called a circus, wintered at Plaintown. Naturally enough, one of the employees found a boarding-place at the house of the mother of Priscilla Brown. His name was Charles (or, as he was commonly called, Charley) Smith. He was first sommersault-turner, jumper and gymnast in general in McBrien's M. A. and M. M. S. He was decidedly good-looking, and was a very fine young man, having, in fact, only one fault, i. e.: he formed adipose tissue with remarkable facility.

As fat was an article not at all adapted to his business, he was compelled to devote almost all his spare time to making hand-springs, jumping and other gymnastic occupations, in order to prevent himself from becoming too fat for his regular work. In the winter time, when no regular performances were given, he was compelled to give up almost his entire day to such work.

He had not boarded at Mrs. Brown's house a week before it was evident to the most casual observer that he was dead gone on Priscilla. Whether it was the dainty smile with which she passed him the hash, or the sweet tones in which she asked him to help himself to the bald-headed butter, or the winning way in which she assured him that the sausages, though they were very slim, were country made, which touched him to the heart, no boarder knew; but every one who sat at Mrs. Brown's table could see the tender passion sprouting in Charley Smith's bosom.

Priscilla knew that Charley Smith was somewhat intimately connected with the circus, yet, when he fell on his knees at her feet one evening in the back kitchen and unbosomed himself, she accepted him as her lover. It should not have been so, yet that evening, as they sat side by side on the dresser, with his arm around her waist and her head on his shoulder, she felt ecstatic thrills such as she had never experienced either at church or Sunday-school. And when his lips met hers, all the pleasure of 1,000,000 Dorcas Society meetings rolled into one could not have equalled the bliss of that moment.

As soon as Priscilla's friends learned that she had accepted Charley Smith as her sweetheart, they called her attention to his very worldly occupation and intimate connection with the sawdust ring. Priscilla was willing to admit that she would have preferred to have had him of a religious turn of mind, but still she refused to give him up. The truth was that Priscilla's home was in a country village, that the number of available young men was limited, and that all the young men in the village at that time had already been mashed by other young women. A girl who resides in the rural districts understands that if a young man once puts himself within her reach, it is her business to

hold on to him like grim death. Accordingly Priscilla kept her lover, and assured her friends that everything would come out right.

Courting is a kind of business which interferes seriously with a man's regular occupation. He falls to wondering how the loved one looks or what she is doing at some particular moment, and, if he is located in her neighborhood, he is apt to hasten to her and spend an hour or so gazing into her eyes. Charley Smith devoted so much time to Priscilla that he found himself growing fat, and his limbs growing stiff from want of exercise. He knew that would never do, and he resolved that he would select every opportunity offered by the absence of the loved one to go through his regular performances.

One evening, at the request of Priscilla, he called at the house where the Dorcas Society had met, in order to escort his darling home. It happened that he arrived too early, and, as it was a rule of the Society that no man should be admitted to their meetings, he was compelled to wait for Priscilla in the hall. Presently the members of the Society in the parlor heard a terrible noise in the hall, and they all rushed out of the parlor to find out what the trouble was. There they found that Charley Smith had tied one end of a tippet to the baluster, had mounted on the post at the foot of the stairs, and had balanced himself there on one toe using the tippet as a rein. When they entered the hall he was standing on one toe of his right foot with his left leg stretched out straight behind him, holding himself up by the tippet and shouting, "Hoop la! Hoop la! Hoop la!" at the top of his voice. The ladies were disgusted, but Priscilla merely laughed as she walked home with her lover. The old maid who owned the tippet was rip-staving mad.

Sunday morning was one of Charley Smith's regular periods for taking exercise, but Priscilla insisted that he should accompany her to church. He was frightfully uneasy during the opening prayer and Bible reading, but, when the orchestra in the choir struck up, then he felt more at home. It seemed to him like the period called between the acts at the theatre. Accordingly he whispered to Priscilla that he wished to see a man around the corner, and at once slipped out of the church. The hall of the church was long and wide and covered with carpet. There was no one in the hall, and the opportunity seemed too good to be lost. Charley Smith at once proceeded to indulge in a series of what are known in the profession as Catharine-Wheels. He made hand-springs from one end of the hall to the other so rapidly that you could hardly distinguish the parts of his body. Unfortunately the sexton came into the hall, and, having seen the performance, rushed for the oldest deacon. When therefore Charley performed his Catharine-Wheels along the hall for the second time he was observed by the sexton and the deacon. When he had reached the end of the hall, the deacon stood there in great dignity.

"Young man," said the deacon, "this is not a circus."

"Well," said Charley Smith, "there was a young woman, who sat behind me, crunching peanuts, and that misled me."

He slipped a clove in his mouth, and, as the music in the choir ceased, he resumed his seat by Priscilla's side. She looked at him severely, but, as he smelled of cloves just as if he had been seeing a man around the corner and as she did not know what had happened in the hall, what could she say to him?

Friday night was prayer-meeting night, and Priscilla and her lover went to the prayer-meeting which was held in the basement of the church. Of course they went there by the longest route and admired the moon and the stars and—oh well, everybody has done that

sort of thing, and therefore it isn't necessary to describe the rest of their performance. They were somewhat late when they reached the church, and, as the basement was quite full of people, they were compelled to sit on the back seat. Priscilla's lover behaved very well for some time, but presently he began to grow nervous. He kept hoping that the orchestra would come in, or there would come a break during which he could pretend to go out and see a man and thus get ten minutes exercise in springing over the grave-stones in the back-yard of the church. He waited in vain, however, for the performance was like that of a variety show, a continuous one. The curtain was not once rung down. A brother would pray, then a sister would start a hymn, then a brother would tell his experience, &c., &c., without any break.

Priscilla's lover fidgeted in his seat, and had about made up his mind that he must rush out and stretch his limbs, even if thereby he burst up the whole business, when the minister requested everyone to kneel in prayer. That was Charley Smith's opportunity, and he took it. As soon as the congregation had knelt Charley hastened from his seat and commenced to do stunts in the aisle between the rear seat and the back of the room. He stood upon his head and waved his feet wildly in the air, then he stood on his hands and, with his feet where his head should have been, he walked on his hands along that rear aisle. Then he stood on his head again and did all sorts of wild antics with his legs and feet. He opened and shut his legs sidewise, then forward and back, and twisted them in all sorts of ridiculous position. He kept his ears wide open, however, so that as soon as the minister should arrive at the end of the prayer he might hurry back to Priscilla's side.

Everything would have gone well if it had not happened that the minister had one glass eye.

The minister's face was the only one which was turned towards Charley's legs. When the minister had commenced, his face had been on the pulpit cushion, but, as he had warmed in his prayer, he had slowly raised his face. Unfortunately his glass eye fitted so badly that he could never shut his good eye when the glass one was in the socket. As his face was raised, his eye fell on Charley Smith's legs.

Being unaccustomed to circuses, he had never seen such a performance before, and Charley's gymnastics tickled the parson so that he snorted several times, and finally, when Charley whirled and twisted his legs into a sort of a series of concentric spirals, the minister burst into a shout of laughter. Everybody sprang up at once, and of course Charley was seen by the whole congregation in the very act of twisting his lower limbs into the series of concentric spirals. Some laughed, but the deacons were horrified, and Charley sneaked to his seat. However, the meeting was necessarily adjourned, and Priscilla talked very solemnly to her lover on the way home.

Priscilla is not quite certain yet what she will do about the matter, except that she will not give up her lover. A girl can get along without a church, or a Sunday-school, or a Dorcas Society—thousands of people do that—but no girl, who can get a lover, can get along without a lover. She proposes to make vigorous efforts to combine her lover's circus gymnastics with her religious observances in such a way as to interfere with neither. If she cannot succeed in doing that, then she proposes to have a private Sunday-school and Dorcas Society and prayer-meeting in her parlor, and to let her lover do his gymnastics in the hall of the house, with the parlor doors open, so that he can hear the performances.

ARTHUR LOT.



## OILYMARGARINE.

## AS IT SEES ITSELF.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCIPAL OILYMARGARINIST.\*

THE Chief Apostle of Oilymargarine sought an interview with a Representative of PUCK, being moved by a feeling of dissatisfaction with the attitude of PUCK towards the oily boon which Mr. Paraff bestowed on the American people.

"I don't think," he said politely, "that you are looking at this thing from quite the correct standpoint. You don't seem to tackle kindly to Oilymargarine—in fact, you abuse it."

The PUCK Representative admitted that there was no wild affection wasted between the Great American Comic Journal and the peculiar product of the Commercial Manufacturing Company.

"You abuse Oilymargarine," continued the Commercial Manufacturer: "then why don't you abuse Butter? Why this invidious distinction?"

The PUCK Representative explained that he had been brought up to Butter, and that some allowance must be made for his natural prejudices.

"But your prejudices are *unnatural*, sir!" the Oilymargarinist exclaimed, with growing excitement: "and I'll prove it to you. Our manufacture, sir, is perfectly clean and sweet and pure. We use only the finest materials. Now if you'll just let me explain the process to you—"

The PUCK man hinted that, if the next rainy day would do as well, he'd rather hear about the process then; and that he was fully convinced of its purity and simplicity.

"Then you admit that Oilymargarine is as good as Butter?" eagerly inquired the Commercial Manufacturer.

The PUCK Representative said it probably was, in its own way. Jordan Pitch was a pure and respectable article, considered *as* pitch; but it wasn't a substitute for table-butter.

"Ah, but Oilymargarine *is*!" cried the Apostle of Leaf Lard: "it contains the chemical constituents of Butter. We have analyzed Butter; and we have put the elements of Butter together—what have ye to say to that?"

The PUCK man had to say that it was possible to analyze the human body, and resolve it into its original elements; but that it wasn't possible to put them together again.

"But *we* can do it with Oilymargarine!" was the confident assertion of the gentleman from the Stearine District: "and much better than Nature did it. We can assure you, sir, that Oilymargarine is better than Butter—much better!"

The representative of PUCK admitted that it might be; but that if a man, from some weak and foolish personal predilection—some unworthy whim—preferred natural Butter to Oilymargarine, he ought to be given the manufacture of the Cow, when he asks for it, instead of the manufacture of the Commercial Company. If a man wants Butter, he should have Butter.

"But that's just where you're wrong!" thundered the Oilymargarinist. "What we claim, sir, is that Oilymargarine *is* BUTTER!"

The PUCK man ventured an inquiry about the other Butter—the old-fashioned kind.

"That is *not* Butter, sir! Nature, sir, Nature never intended that Butter should be made

from cows' milk. If man did not take the cow's milk from her and churn it into butter, would she ever churn it for herself? Look at the fact that, while Oilymargarine will keep an indefinite period, Butter will keep only four days. That, sir, is the protest of Nature, sir, against this outrage—"

"Nonsense!" said the PUCK man.

"What, sir?"

"Nonsense. Look here, Mr. Oilymargarine: No one has anything against you or your business. You make a certain article which you call Oilymargarine, mark Oilymargarine and sell as Oilymargarine. At the same time you know that the second and third-handers, the hotel-keepers and boardinghouse-keepers, are constantly putting it before their customers as Butter; and that your little schemes of stamping and branding, your show-cards and your feeble prosecutions of a few small dealers amount to absolutely nothing. You are not actually a party to the imposition, but morally you are not clear of blame; and the question of the merit or demerit of your manufacture has nothing to do with it. Now, then, you dye your Oilymargarine; don't you?"

"We put in a little annatto, to give it the color of Nature. Don't ask us, sir, to go against Nature!"

"We won't," said the Representative of PUCK: "we want you to substitute for annatto (which has always been held an objectionable drug, when used to color butter) some harmless coloring that will give your Oilymargarine a pink or a blue or a green tinge—anything that will put it out of the power of unscrupulous people to pass it off as Butter. Will you do that?"

"Will you print PUCK on black paper?" returned the logical member of the Commercial Manufacturing Company.

"PUCK pretends to be nothing that it is not. Your manufacture pretends to be Butter—"

"It *is* Butter, sir—"

"You said that before, my friend. Now, then, will you dye your Oilymargarine Pink?"

"We will not, sir; we will not spoil our business to please you."

And he passed off into silence.

## Y?

Why should we have a charter new?  
Why won't the one we now have do?  
Why should the L roads charge ten cents?  
Why should the Pope take Irish pence?  
Why should piano-makers strike?  
Why should John Kelly Tilden like?  
Why should not Smyth his party quit?  
Why should not Grant "git up and git"?  
Why should not Sammy run again?  
Why did New York go back on Blaine?  
Why should not Sherman have a boom?  
Why should defeat be Davis's doom?  
Why should white paper be so high?  
And echo merely answers, why?

## NEWSPAPER NOTES.

MR. NYM CRINKLE's new paper, the *Sunny-side Press*, published at Tarrytown, is bright and promising.

THE new comic paper, a copy of which is before us, is called the *Congressional Record*. We are glad to have a competitor; it keeps us up to the mark. We note that it is in its tenth volume. Strange that we never saw it before!

WE don't know what to make of the *Wheeling Leader*. It struck Easter two or three weeks ago. It came out with 24 pages filled with all manner of good things, including advertisements. We shall soon have to call it the New York *Sunday Herald* of the South.

## THE THEATRES.

The double-stage and "Hazel Kirke" succeeded in drawing large houses to the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, the most beautiful in the United States.

Opera di Camera, at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, has become popular. There is room in New York for this species of entertainment. Fashionable audiences nightly assemble to listen to "Ages Ago" and "Charity Begins at Home."

There is but another week of Mr. Edwin Booth in Shaksperian characters. Mr. Shakspeare is becoming almost as popular as Mr. Bartley Campbell. Mr. Commodore Tooker, K. C. B., the weather-beaten tar, has hoisted his broad pennant on his old craft, viz., BOOTH'S THEATRE, and nightly paces its quarter-deck.

"To Marry or Not to Marry" is the special dramatic question being nightly discussed at WALLACK'S. It is good old-style comedy, and the title naturally gives the piece great draught power among marriageable young women. It will, however, give place to Mr. George Hoey's "A Child of the State," which is a new departure in adaptations, being from the French.

"The Way We Live," according to Mr. Daly's new comedy of contemporaneous society at his beautiful theatre, is a mild sort of existence, as New York ideas run. Its German domestic origin is quite apparent, and the fun appears strained. In short, the piece is what may be called slow. This fact, however, will not prevent the spending of a pleasant evening in witnessing the play; for Miss Ada Rehan acts well and looks pretty, while Mr. Drew gives a neat and humorous performance of a very mildly ill-treated husband. The mounting, as is usual at this theatre, is all that could be desired.

Miss Fanny Davenport has been giving the Brooklynites a little Shakspeare, some Dion Boucicault, and a dash of Daly, at HAVERLY'S THEATRE. Brooklyn ought to erect a statue to Mr. Haverly in recognition of the choice and varied bill of fare he has provided for its inhabitants during the season. On Monday Mr. Denman Thompson appeared in his specialty, "Joshua Whitcomb." It is a clever characterization and takes rank with *Solon Shingle*, *Bardwell Slote*, *Davy Crockett*, *Colonel Sellers*, and Mr. Lawrence Barrett's *Cassius*. Theatrical business is good in Brooklyn, which is a desirable indication of progress. We have always thought that the drama was the only remedy for reforming the place after its long subjection to the influence of Beecher and Talmage.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She won't move.

EASTLAKE.—We don't mind a little archaic humor in our Puckerings; but you are too Chippendale altogether. There is something wrong with the morbidezza of your dado—that's what it is.

LUCIA.—Your verses are flattering—very flattering. But to speak candidly to you, we had much rather you presented us with red devils on Turkish toweling; or little clay pots with mythology and flowers all over them. That kind of thing is more strictly in the feminine line; and is less depressing to the recipient. We have not been quite ourselves, Lucia, since we heard from your amiable but effusive Muse.

MARCELLA.—We have no doubt that your complaint is well-founded. We don't remember your poem at all; but we have no doubt that it was received and duly waste-basketed. Now, however, there is no possibility of identifying it among the myriad other poems now reposing in the O. I. C. man's bag. But rather than have you cry your pretty eyes out over it, we'll write you a new one, ourselves, in place of it. Isn't that fair, Marcella?

\* This is a faithful record of a conversation held with an officer of the Commercial Manufacturing Co., at this office, on Monday, April 12th. No statement has been put into our visitor's mouth that he did not make; nor has his meaning been distorted or exaggerated in any way.  
—ED. PUCK.

PUCK.







THE WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF.



## HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

IS but a little veil of blue,  
Yet would my pulses stir,  
And memory limn the owner fair,  
Could I remember her.

Pensive and sad I fain would sit,  
Fond would my reverie be,  
And sweet my dream, could I recall  
Who gave this veil to me.

Was she a blonde, with laughing face  
And bosom white as snow,  
Or was she dark and mournful-eyed?  
Alas, I do not know.

Were we within a sheltered nook  
Beneath the whispering trees,  
Or did we idly dream, and float  
O'er moonlit summer seas?

We softly spoke our mutual love—  
We loved—I'm sure of this:  
There was, I think, a sigh or two,  
A down-cast glance—a kiss.

She gave me then this gage d'amour,  
This veil—I have it yet—  
That, seeing it, I might recall  
The day when last we met.

And so I would, could I retrace  
Her face, or if I knew  
Her name. I don't: I only know  
She wore a veil of blue.

L.

## THE BOSTON DOCTOR.

BOSTON is a city of many suburbs. They are, so to speak, the spokes of the Hub. Following the simile a little further one might say that the town of Saugus was a nail in the tire, for it is just beyond the radius of the suburbs and yet directly amenable to the movements of the Hub. In Saugus there resided until recently a gentleman called Doctor Doane, a highly conservative practitioner who prescribed the mildest remedies for the gravest maladies and whose patients had the uncommon consideration never to expire while under his treatment. In this way Doane attained great renown in his immediate neighborhood. There is only one thing preferable to being well-thought of where one is known and that is being little-known where one is not well-thought of. Like the wood chopper of Maine whose mighty soul soared beyond the petty boundaries of that commonwealth, the spirit of Doane grew greater than Saugus and he longed for a residence in Boston. Now of all the material desires which the average human mind can encompass about the easiest to gratify is a residence in Boston. For by a wise provision on the part of the earliest settlers of Boston—in which they were aided to some extent by the power they vaguely described as a wise providence—Boston is not only boundless, but limitless as well, and any able-bodied citizen of Massachusetts can, by the exercise of ordinary ingenuity, prove conclusively that his town is actually "just outside" of Boston. Thus to all intents and purposes a Boston residence costs no more than a site any where in Massachusetts, and as \$20 a year will often rent a Manor, the ambition of Doane was easy to be gratified. Casting the dust of Saugus from his feet he moved to town and soon became very prominent in his new headquarters. Doane, it must be confessed, fell into bad ways. He worked money-making schemes with a druggist and pursued a life of hectic gaiety. He plunged into the enjoyment of enjoined sports, and, worse than all, he made light of the protests and full of the remonstrances of the near-dwellers to his home. He made ill-timed and

injudicious fun of the institutions of his new place of residence and spoke contemptuously of the *Mayflower* and of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Other excesses of speech included a denunciation of the Common and unbridled license in speaking of the article of diet called beans. Of course it was, in the language of the variety performer, "merely a question of time" when retribution would overtake him. Retribution, which is sure, is always unexpected; and Doane soon ceased to be solicitous. He went ahead blindly on his mad career.

One day the storm burst and Doane, speaking after the manner of the bank president, became a fugitive. He left behind him \$5006 of debts and the following note of explanation:

BOSTON, MASS., March 6th, '80.

*My Darling Wife:*

I have gone away with Gertie. You never saw her, but, take my word for it, it is all right. Tell Tobias to settle up my accounts, which he will find in my desk, and to sell the sleigh. I have taken the horse and buggy. You may tell my patients I have been called away on business, and will not be back before the Presidential election is over. Do not make any fuss in the newspapers. They might perhaps speak harshly of me, and that I could never stand. I am neither rich, handsome nor well-born; but I have plenty of assurance, and there is something which tells me I shall do well in Chicago. Gertie has taken most of your clothes; but, as there is no one to take you out, I hope you will not miss them. Have a stout heart, for I will write to you often—that is, as often as I can. Your jewelry is safe, so do not grieve for it. Gertie has it. Several things I intended to take I have forgotten. But never mind; they will make my little wife happy in seeing them, and this compensates me for the lack of all of these things, except the razor-strop. I am glad you did not kiss me this morning when I left to go to a meeting of the Faculty. It would have broken my heart. I cannot explain the mood which has taken possession of me. Collect all the bills which are out (even at a reduction), and send me the amount by money-order or registered letter, in Gertie's care, — Street, Brooklyn. When I get started fairly in business, I will send you a little money to run the house and educate the children; but it may be some time, dearest. Take my bank-book to the bank, as the account is closed, and the cashier and I "stand in" to make something together on a block of Tarantula Mining Stock, and I want to be friendly with him. Gertie was delighted with the ride to Springfield. That you may never need a better friend than I have proved to you, is the wish uppermost in the mind and deepest in the heart of your ever-loving

HUSBAND.

Mrs. Doane was, at last accounts, on her way back to Saugus, while inquiries for the Boston Doctor were many in town. I don't know that there is any special moral connected with this tale of true life, beyond the fact that men whose remedies are mild are always dangerous, and that there must be something radically wrong in the social economy of a Massachusetts man who has no more appreciation of the geographical advantages of his State than to move from one place to another for the purpose of acquiring a Boston residence. Mrs. Doane knows the Doctor so well, and his Boston exploits so thoroughly, that she feels safe in asserting that he will make Brooklyn his permanent headquarters.

ERNEST HARVIER.

## EVOLUTION OF GRANTISM.

1st Term: "L'état!"  
2d Term: "L'état!—c'est l'armée!"  
3d Term: "L'armée!—c'est moi!"

## THE RIME OF THE DRUMMER-MAN.

## FYTTE THE FIRST.

His ulster coat was on his back,  
His bag was in his hand,  
And forth he started merrily,  
Bound for the Western land.

He had a wondrous taking tongue,  
Whene'er he tried to sell;  
His only peer in grandeur was  
The clerk at the hotel.

All through the towns he chanced to strike  
For customers he'd seek;  
He'd stick close by a doubting man  
For days, or e'en a week;  
And if he failed to sell, 'twould be  
Not from a lack of cheek.

For he would prove that black was white.  
If you'd lend him your ear;  
He'd stick you with a lot of trash  
By treating to a beer.

## FYTTE THE SECOND.

He struck the town of Pleasantville,  
In that far Western land,  
And sold a lot of ancient stuff  
That long he'd had on hand.

He praised that stuff in language strong,  
Full many lies he told;  
He sold to every man in town,  
And every man was sold.

But when those merchants saw that stuff,  
They swore both loud and long  
That, when that drummer came again,  
He'd sing another song.

## FYTTE THE THIRD.

Next Fall he entered in that town,  
As previous as the dawn,  
As fresh as if all wells of salt  
Out of this world had gone,  
As new as if that drummer-man  
Had yesterday been born.

Those merchants seized that drummer-man,  
And, though he raved and swore,  
They bore him, in a tower high,  
Up to the sixteenth floor.

And there, in hopes that he might die,  
They gave him lots of jaw,  
And made him play the fifteen game  
Until his hands were sore,  
And, when all other things had failed,  
They sang him "Pinafore."

But 'gainst those dreadful punishments  
That drummer-man was proof;  
And so, to try the last resource,  
They led him to the roof.

## FYTTE THE FOURTH.

They seized him by the scruff and slack,  
And, with a giant throw,  
They flung him off, in hopes he'd smash  
Upon the flags below.

His ulster buoyed him up somewhat,  
As he fell to the ground;  
Yet, when he struck, those merchants heard  
A sort of crunching sound.

That drummer-man struck on his cheek,  
And quickly did rebound,  
As if his face were rubber gum,  
And rose up safe and sound.

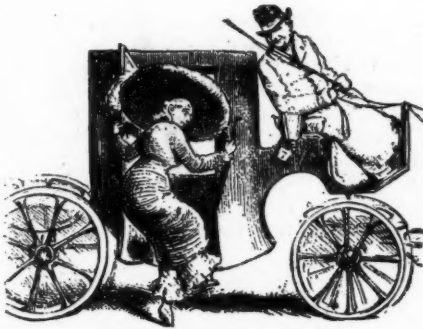
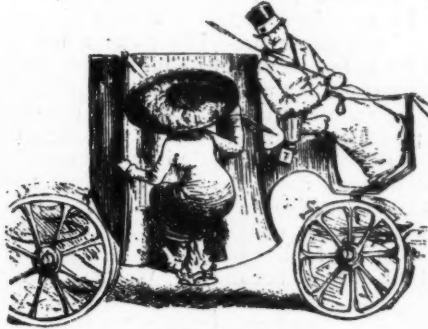
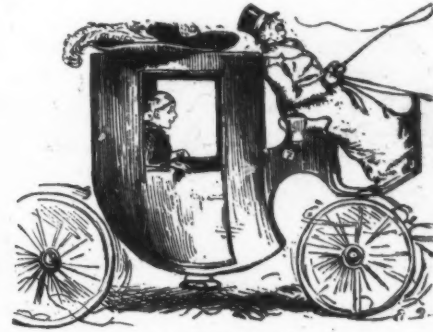
Those merchants in the lower tower  
Quite silly did appear,  
When, all unhurt, that drummer rose,  
And slid off on his ear.

## FYTTE THE FIFTH.

The flag whereon his cheek had struck,  
Though made of granite stone,  
Was smashed to bits, for it had met  
The hardest substance known.  
That drummer-man those merchants rude  
No more to trade invites;  
He travels 'mong the farmer-folk  
And peddles patent-rights.



## THE REMBRANDT HAT.

It won't go in *that* way.Nor *that*.

Ah, we have it!

## ✠ JOHN ASSINIBIAH.

**E**VOKE the sackbut's tuneful lays,  
 To ✠ John Assinibiah's glory,  
 And sound the timbrel's loudest praise,  
 The while I sing his simple story.  
 A truly good and holy man,  
 A servant meek of the Messiah,  
 A worker on Salvation's plan,  
 Such is ✠ John Assinibiah.  
 Far in the wilds he holds his see,  
 Where foot of white man seldom ventures,  
 And yet in distant England he  
 Contrives to float his church debentures.  
 Here, for a month in every year,  
 He spreads glad tidings of salvation  
 (The God of love and hell to fear),  
 Then goes to Europe for vacation.  
 There, 'mid the gilded haunts of sin,  
 He studies vice in all its phases,  
 To aid him in his task to win  
 Poor souls from everlasting blazes.  
 He weeps at Paris' wicked ways,  
 While Rome's excesses nearly madden,  
 For Berlin he sincerely prays,  
 And groans to think of Baden-Baden.  
 Despite his zeal, the Church's foes  
 Declare his efforts all perverted,  
 And that he counts upon his nose  
 The heathen Indians he's converted.  
 Two thousand pounds (a paltry sum)  
 A year he has to live or die on.  
 He patient waits the end to come  
 He looks for his reward in Zion.

FRANK I. CLARKE.

## HERMESIANAX PRATT.

HIS VARIEGATED ADVENTURES IN ALL THE COUNTRIES  
 OF THE GLOBE, INCLUDING SOME UNKNOWN  
 TO JULES VERNE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE ORIGINAL, EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. ROBIDA.

## PART SECOND.—AMERICA.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## AN OLD FRIEND.

**I**T is none of our business [and we have always so considered it]  
 to look out for our readers' nerves. If the amiable peruser of  
 this flowing narrative has not by this time got accustomed to  
 sudden and startling developments, he had better drop out of the story  
 right here, and go to a hermitage and read Anthony Trollope's novels  
 for the rest of his life. Then, when Death comes to him,\* and lays its  
 skinny hand upon his shoulder, and leads him away into the silent  
 realms of eternal immobility, he won't know the difference.

We make this little prelude only because we are bracing up for an-

\* —As it must come to all of us. Not to make this original reflection right here would probably disappoint a large portion of the populace.

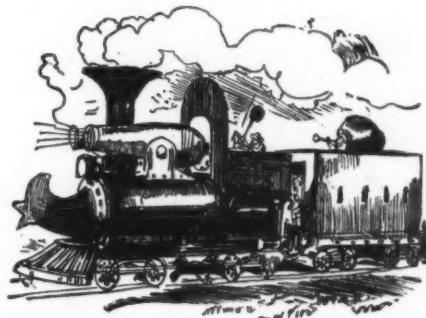
other of those little wrestles with probability of which we have tried—and we think not unsuccessfully—to make a specialty, in the course of these variegated pages.

The last time we had occasion to mention Dr. Hopf, we left him rather out of sight, just after a brief encounter with one of his own devil-fishes, in the moat surrounding the demolished Aquarium of Wujja-Wujja. If the reader will kindly look back to page 26, No. 158, he will see that we very carefully refrained from stating precisely the result of that encounter. The impression left on the reader's mind was that Hopf was killed. The reader probably rejoiced over the fact. Yet we did not actually say that Hopf was dead. We used a well-known literary privilege, and deliberately kidded\* the reader. And now we ask him to admire the artistic way in which we did it.

Hopf was not dead. Perhaps he made a deal with the devil-fish. Perhaps he killed his assailant with a toothpick which he had accidentally saved up in his vest-pocket. Perhaps he escaped in some other way. We care not. Small lies are of but little import to us now.

He was alive, however—alive, vindictive, and burdened with a blighted heart, which is always, when it doesn't work itself off in dyspepsia, apt to create trouble in some way.

Dr. Hopf's blighted heart superinduced a species of moral biliousness. He yearned for gore, and his embittered nature thirsted for vengeance. [Take this figure of speech on the skip—don't stop to analyze.] With the untiring energy of a sleuthhound in a dime novel, he had tracked Hermesianax and Mysora into the flowery heart of Mexico, and now, just as they were beginning to get intimate, and Hermesianax was thinking seriously of asking Mysora whether she couldn't contrive to tolerate him as a husband, that old Hopf came trojing down upon them in a fortified express-train, wild for war.



## CHAPTER IX.

## VARIEGATED HOSTILITIES.

He got it.

It was all very well for him to come down on the Tehuantepec and Ichi-Chichi Central R. R., with a locomotive decked out with a Krupp gun and an emblematic whale's tail flaunting defiance to the breeze, right under the headlight.

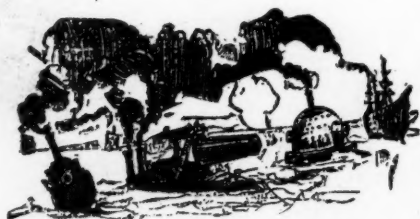
There was no Mysora for him. Hermesianax leaped to the defence of his party, much as an old hen comes out of the coop to arbitrate between her brood and a weasel. He held a council-of-war all by himself, and decided on a brilliant move. The Englishmen in the balloon had toured down to the neighborhood of Hermesianax's camp, and Hermie readily induced them to part with their aërostat in exchange for a copy of the last edition of "Burke's Peerage," dropped by General Grant when he passed through Mexico a few weeks before.

"The Ha-he-rostat is himportant," said the Britons: "but we 'aven't set heyes on a Burke since hages, and we're halmost forgetting our hancestors, and heven 'oo's oo."

So Hermesianax got the balloon, fortified it, and sailed up into the ultramarine empyrean.

\* Deceived—stuffed—played it low down on.

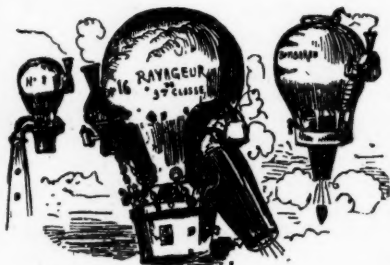
But that didn't settle it. Hopf had laid out a big campaign. He was ready for Hermesianax on every side. When Mr. Pratt got sufficiently elevated in the ether, he perceived that Dr. Hopf was ably represented by a fine nautical armament consisting principally of cannon, with a small proportion of ship.



This was embarrassing. It cut him off from any trip over the bright blue sea; while the frequency of objectionable locomotives on the railroad tracks below limited his line of travel above solid ground. There was nothing left for him to do but to travel due up, as far as the rarefaction of the atmosphere would permit.\*

And even this scheme was rendered impracticable by the diabolic ingenuity of his relentless persecutor.

Hopf invented a balloon for the occasion, and constructed a fleet of warlike aërostats, thus realizing Mr. Tennyson's beautiful fancy about



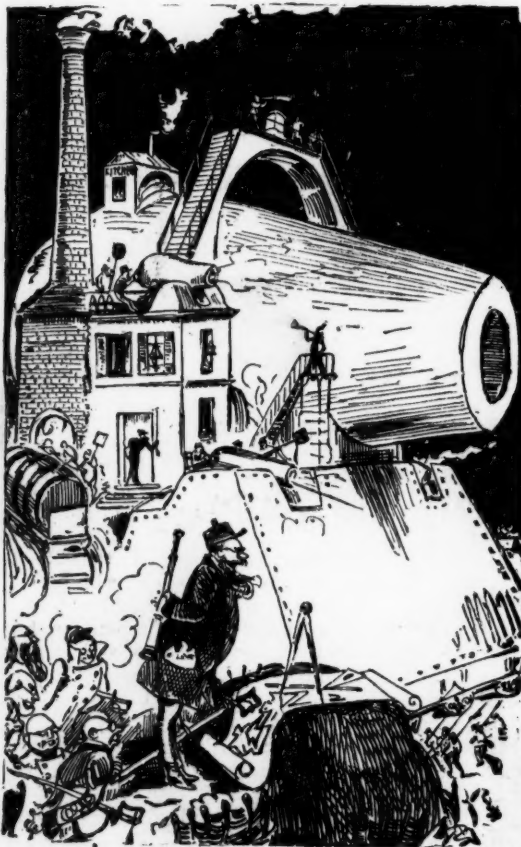
"— the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

This was exceedingly poetical, but Hermesianax did not feel precisely attuned to poetry just at that moment; and, viewed in the light of their practical adaptability to the situation, Hopf's aggressive airships were far from cheering.

Hermesianax prepared for battle, unlimbered or limbered his guns [we don't know exactly what the technical term is, not being military or murderous ourselves], and generally got into fighting trim.

Everything indicated a desperate combat. The moral atmosphere reeked with gore. It was a duel to the death; and, in this instance, contrary to the established order, a woman was at the top of the whole business.

One sweetly solemn thought came to Hermesianax just at this juncture. Would it not be well, he asked himself, to go into battle with Mysora's benediction upon his head? It might help him, and it certainly couldn't hurt him. But suppose he asked her for the benediction, and she wouldn't give it. He felt that he scarcely knew which way her heart jumped. The situation was terrible.



#### CHAPTER X. THE CATACLYSM.

Hermesianax had no time to think the matter out. Doctor Hopf was hurrying his movements, and there was no time to waste.

The city of Queplocuatzl, directly under the seat of war, was strongly fortified, and one particularly bumptious-looking old cannon was set so as to command the entire horizon, and, if necessary, to take in the entire zenith; and, near this interesting object, Hopf, with a large and learned staff of scientific gentlemen about him, cast a last glance over a plan of the campaign, and gave his final orders to his myrmidons.

The battle was about to commence.

We will oblige the reader to hang on no longer.

The battle did commence.

And, having satisfied the reader's mind upon that point, let us bid him pause a few moments, while we indulge in appropriate reflections. Business is dull, and thought is cheap, so that we can well afford to throw in a few meditations at a merely nominal price. We have now reached the last chapter of this story, and it is customary on such occasions to make a kind of apology for having got so far. Most authors do it; and it certainly fills space, if it does nothing else. We are bound to say, however, that this particular recital gives less occasion for apology, whether of the solid or of the sham complimentary order, than almost any literary article of the kind that we have ever, hitherto, come across.

We have not, we frankly own it, dried the widow's tears, nor choked the orphan's sobs. We have not sweetened the bread of indigence, nor smoothed the couch of pain—principally because we didn't set out to do any of these various praiseworthy things. They are not in our line; and, if they were, we are afraid we should shirk them. But we have, we may proudly boast, stirred up a spirit of controversy among our many friends which ought to be of positive value at this peculiarly bilious season. It is just about this time that a man needs something to stir him up—and a little diversity of opinion with his neighbor is about the healthiest, simplest, and cheapest thing known.

Now, as we have set one half the inhabitants of this blessed country saying that this is the most idiotic story ever written, and the other half to asserting that it is the sublimest effort of which the human imagination is capable,\* we think we ought to be regarded as public benefactors.

That's all of the reflections. Once more to business.

The fray was inaugurated. Hermesianax, as he sighted his cannon at the foremost of Dr. Hopf's balloons, still pondered upon the advisability of making a declaration of his love. He felt that for a long time he had circled around the angelic Mysora in a state of passive adoration, and that it could not go on thus forever. But the feminine heart was a sealed book to him, and he felt scared about tackling it. Perhaps he was too bashful—but then, he said to himself, as his projectile caromed on Dr. Hopf's flag-balloon, is it not better to be too bashful than to be too fresh? How could he know that Mysora had for months been practicing how to say the simple word "Yes!" so quickly that, if he gave her the least chance to enunciate it, she could nail him before he fell back again into his normal condition of pusillanimous doubt?

He did not know it; but he had just made up his mind to ask her during the next pause in the hostilities, when a ball from Hopf's fortification knocked his own balloon to eternal smash.

The vehicle simultaneously sunk and scattered, and threatened, like the unsubstantial fabric of a vision, to leave not a wrack behind.

Turning, quick as thought, he had only time, as the carsank down through the air, to throw out the drag-rope, crying, as he saw the sinuous coil flash downward to the earth: "We are saved!"

And, hurriedly flinging themselves over the sides of the basket, and grasping the rope with their hands, they slid off.†

[THE END]



\* We personally wish to be understood as expressing no opinion whatever on the merits of the case.

† Readers who wish to know what became of them after this, may get further chapters of this story, in lengths to suit, at \$5 a chapter, by applying at the office of PUCK.

\* We wish to keep strictly on the right side of science, every time.



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There's nothing difficult in it.  
Sure I can do it with ease;  
I'll have it done in a minute.  
There's nothing difficult in it;  
Puzzles much harder I've solved.  
I'll have it done in a minute—  
Ah! now the method's evolved.  
Puzzles much harder I've solved;  
See with what speed I'm progressing.  
Ah! now the method's evolved,  
Fast to the goal I am pressing.  
See with what speed I'm progressing—  
Two rows already are straight—  
Fast to the goal I am pressing;  
Hold—for a minute, please: wait!  
Two rows already are straight—  
What has got into this other?  
Hold for a minute, please: wait!  
What in the mischief's the bother?  
What has got into this other?—  
Ten, twelve, eleven—and nine:  
What in the mischief's the bother?  
I can't be stuck on this line!  
Ten, twelve, eleven—and nine:  
Now it is working out rightly;  
I can't be stuck on this line!  
There! Now the future beams brightly.  
Now it is working out rightly;  
All are in order but three.  
There! Now the future beams brightly;  
No further trouble there'll be.  
All are in order but three;  
It's almost as easy as lying.  
No further trouble there'll be;  
It's not worth the trouble of trying.  
It's almost as easy as lying—  
How shall I quick get it fixed?  
It's not worth the trouble of trying—  
Hang it, the whole of it's mixed!  
How shall I quick get it fixed?—  
Burn it without further parley!  
Hang it, the whole of it's mixed!  
—No, I won't try again, Charley.  
Burn it without further parley;  
Sure, I can do that with ease.  
No, I won't try again, Charley—  
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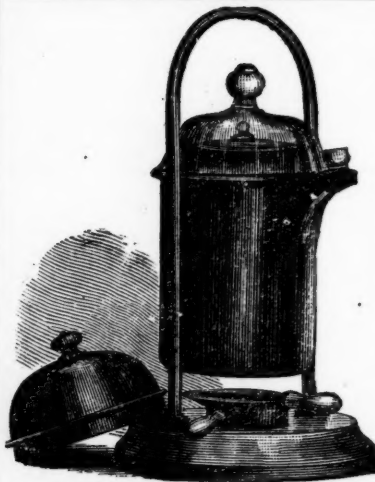
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Beautifully finished, of burnished brass, with burnished brass bow, porcelain base, porcelain handles to lamp and extinguisher, porcelain knob on cover and spout, and one brass and one glass cover.

IMPORTED FROM VIENNA ONLY BY US.

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China, Glass, Cutlery, Silverware,  
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Breakfast from 7 A. M. to 1 P. M. 50 cents.—Table d'hôte from 5-8 P. M. \$1.00, incl. 1/4 bottle wine.

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HAIR DYE is the SAFEST and BEST; it acts instantaneously, producing the most natural shades of Black or Brown; does NOT STAIN the SKIN, and is easily applied. It is a standard preparation, and is favorite upon every well appointed Toilet for Lady or Gentleman. Sold by Druggists and applied by all Hair Dressers.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

VIGNETTES IN RHYME. By Austin Dobson. New York: Henry Holt. 1880.  
"FIFTEEN," How to Do It. By David A. Curtis. New York: American News Company.  
BRENTANO'S MONTHLY for April. New York: Brentano.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. A romance. By J. Esten Cooke. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

LETTS'S POPULAR ATLAS in monthly parts, No. 1. London: Letts, Son & Co., Limited.

NANA. Sequel to l'Assommoir. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson & Bros.

NORA BRADY'S VOW. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

BRAIN AND MIND. By Henry S. Drayton, A. M., and James McNeill. New York: S. R. Wells & Co. 1880.

POCKET MINING ATLAS. By Edward Bolitho. New York: Trask & Francis.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY. By Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Part Sixth. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

A FOOL'S ERRAND. By One of the Fools. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulbert. 1880.

TAKIGRAPHY. By D. B. Linsley. New York: D. Kimball. 1879.

KISSING by telephone is about as satisfactory as scratching your head with a sunbeam.—*Whitehall Times*.

ELI PERKINS dreads the coming census, as it may place him second to the Chicago directory man.—*Boston Post*.

THE United States Army is again on a war footing. Cadet Whittaker's ears are well enough for duty. *Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

THERE is one beauty about the telephone that has not been enumerated in its lists of accomplishments. You can call a man a blink-eyed, freckled-faced liar without any immediate danger of being hit.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

Far, far better for you than Beer, Ale or Porter, and free from the intoxicating effects, is Hop Bitters.

A SOCIABLE man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, roes and bothers somebody who hasn't and always smokes Blackwell's Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco.

1880 **JONES** 1840

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Personal and Housekeeping Outfits furnished.  
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Satin de Lyon,

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FOULARDS

AND

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AT

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**RICH NOVELTIES**

**FOR COMBINATIONS.**

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NOVELTIES in LADIES STUFF and SILK SUITS, very low prices.

MOMIE and NOVELTY COMBINATION SUITS at \$10; worth \$18.

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CHILDREN'S and MISSES' SUITS, in every style and size, at lowest prices.

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NOVELTIES, DAMASSE, BROCADES, STRIPES, PERSIAN, &c., at 25c., 35c., 50c., to \$2.50 per yard.

CASHMERE, MOMIES, FOULES, and SATEENS, in all the new shades, at great bargains.

50 PIECES BEGE FOULE, 45 inches wide, at 50c.; worth \$1 per yard.

SATINS and SILKS in novelties and all shades and colors.

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50 pieces CASHMERE, all wool, 40 inches wide, 45c.

AN THE NEW FABRICS in BLACK GOODS.

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MOMIE and CRAPE CLOTHS, 20c. and up.

## SPECIAL BARGAINS.

100 Dozen ALEXANDER'S BEST TWO-BUTTON GLOVES, all shades, at 80c.; worth \$1.50 per pair.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, WHITE GOODS, HOUSEKEEPING DRY GOODS, &c. &c.

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